



Llyn Foulkes



All photographs are from the collection of Llyn Foulkes.

Edited and designed by Daniel Dror

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Llyn Foulkes

Some works available for sale

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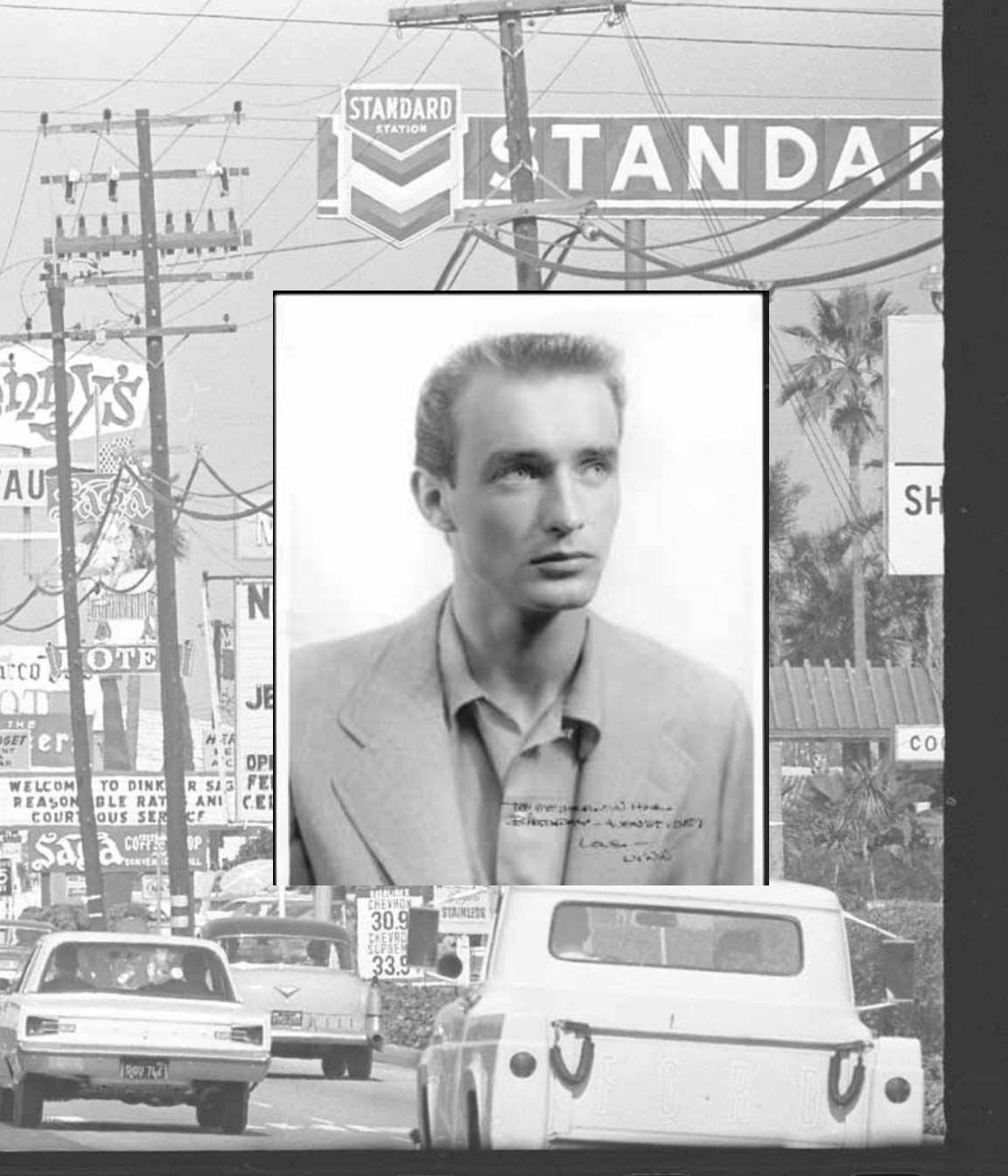
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Llyn Foulkes, 1949







STANDARD
STATION

STANDARD



Tom (over the shoulder) Head
"STANDARD" - ABOUT (DIP)
L.A. -
1950

Wally's

AU

WELCOME TO DINK
REASONABLE RATES
COURTEOUS SERVICE

WELCOME TO DINK
REASONABLE RATES
COURTEOUS SERVICE

WELCOME TO DINK
REASONABLE RATES
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WELCOME TO DINK
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CHEVROLET
30.9
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FORD

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Recent paintings and graphic works by Lynn Foulkes will be shown from September 19 through October 24 at the Pasadena Art Museum. Public opening and reception are scheduled for Tuesday evening, September 18, from 8:00 pm to 10:00 pm at the Museum.

This is the current one-man exhibition in the Museum's program to present a varied series of individual exhibitions by artists of Southern California. Foulkes, an artist in his mid-20's, whose early life and training was in the Pacific Northwest, has in the last four years in Los Angeles developed a uniquely independent personal and poetic type of symbolist art. Images of real and imaginary persons, landscape vistas and emblems interblend with qualities of abstract expressionist technique in a way that creates a very explicit world and environment in this artist's imagination. Foulkes extends traditional means of painting and drawing to include the contemporary techniques of collage and assemblage. Of particular interest is the way Foulkes includes actual photographic prints as an essential and integral part of oil on canvas painting.

Through October 7, an exhibition of experimental color photography entitled "Isolation" features the work of artist and Electronic Engineer, Howard Smith of San Diego. 80 color slides in a continuous 20-minute program of automatic projection, reveal precise images of the real works taken removed from their usual context and scale so as to become visions of great abstract beauty.

An exhibition of intaglio prints by the nationally known graphic artist, Dean Heeks, which features the artist's recent direction in large, colorful and lyrical compositions, will be at the Pasadena Art Museum from September 19 through October 18.

Museum Hours
 Sunday - 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
 Weekdays - 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
 Tuesday - Closed
 Mondays - Closed



Return Here, 1959 44 1/4 x 24 1/2 x 4 in.

Please reply to:

411 West Colorado Boulevard, Pasadena, California 91105

Artist: Llyn Foulkes, American b.1934

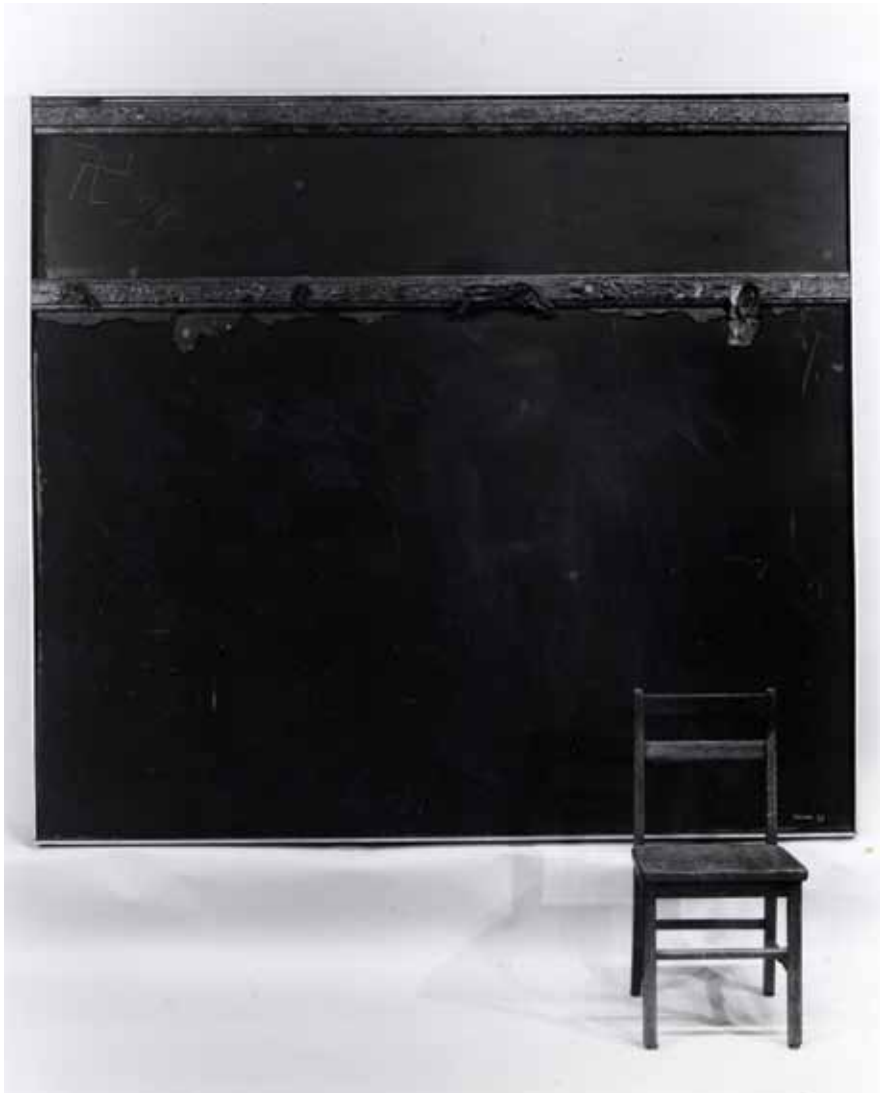
Title: IN MEMORY OF ST. VINCENT SCHOOL, 1960

Medium: Oil, charred wood, plasticized ashes on
blackboard, with chair

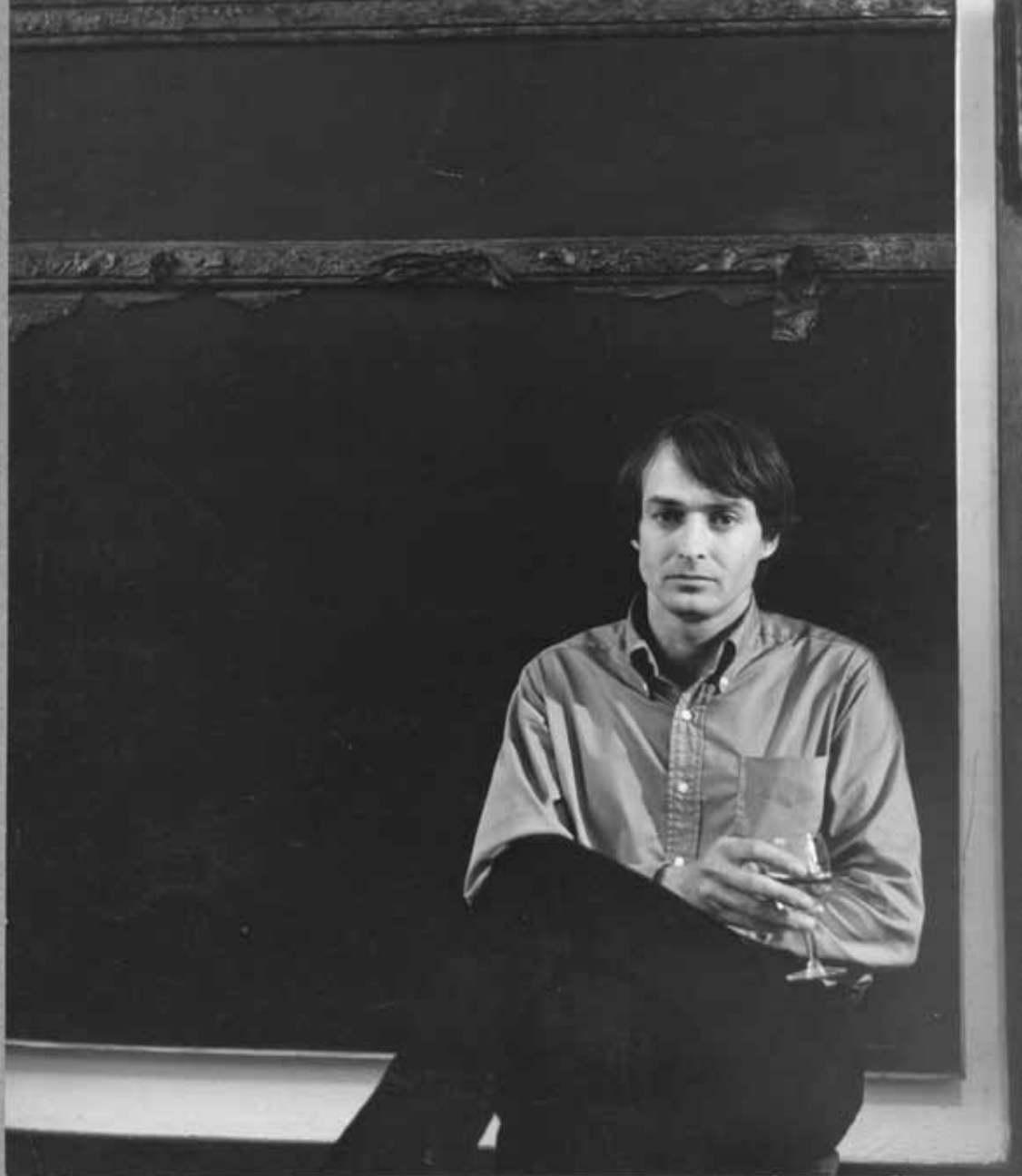
Size: 66 x 72 $\frac{1}{4}$ " , Chair: 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ "H x 13W x 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ " D "

Credit Line: The Norton Simon Museum
Gift of Dr. and Mrs. Harry Zlotnick

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In Memory of St. Vincent School, 1960 66 x 72 1/4 in.



LYNN FOULKES

PHOTO BY WILLIAM A.

FERUS



The World of Lynn Foulkes

By Heloise Welch

FOR THOSE who have missed the more dreary messages of the age of anxiety — that we may all die together instead of alone, that conformity is a chain that keeps man from finding himself, that the message of Christianity cannot be fully realized — the provocative works of Lynn Foulkes, currently on view at the Pasadena Art Museum, provide a dramatic lesson.

Some are paintings and some are assemblages, works incorporating rows of bottles, heads of dummies, the carcass of a muskrat, wax, photographs. No matter what medium he uses, the artists technique is impeccable. He is a highly skilled manipulator of the accident as well as a master craftsman.

Most artists are serious about their work, but few are as serious-minded as Foulkes. Some may find his sobriety verging on depression. And there is a problem here, for when one unfolds such a lack of hope for man, one begins to feel that the sympathy with life which was the initial reason for these expressions has been lost and replaced by a death-wish. For Foulkes' world is a dark-brown world, a black world. I get a sort of Guernica feeling from his sobriety. He has seemed to promise us that he will wear crepe until we have all decided to live again.

IN USING old photographs to express some of his more cryptic messages, Foulkes veils the faces with an opalescent white. But the veiling appears to be a shroud, and not the promise of a man emerging. Or, even more shocking, he attempts to arouse indignation by presenting the face of a man blasted off in some past or future holocaust.

To me, his most poignant piece is "Geography Lesson." From far away I see a series of mountains side by side along the top of the canvas, and a small white spot, an explosion on all but one of the mountains. Below, I am close to an earth that is seared and scorched, covered with the weightless ashes of pages and pages from letters written by the fragile hand of man, letters

that tell as they lie burned on the breast of the earth how lovely man was, to an earth that does not even remember him. And then will come the wind.

★
FOULKES' pervasive social protest does not deal with injustice in the usual sense. It deals with what the artist considers to be the miserable facts which can only be changed if man has a change of heart, not through legislation. And although these prolonged metaphors present quandaries of the twentieth century already posed by the sociologist and the psychotherapist, this does not mean that they should not be presented in this fashion. They may even be better said, and because of their obvious symbolism may be revelatory to individuals in a way that verbal explana-

tions could never be.

Perhaps these works will be met individually, and each viewer will be faced with a sort of Rorschach of himself. What is revealed may help him find answers. These works are not parables. Foulkes does not have answers.

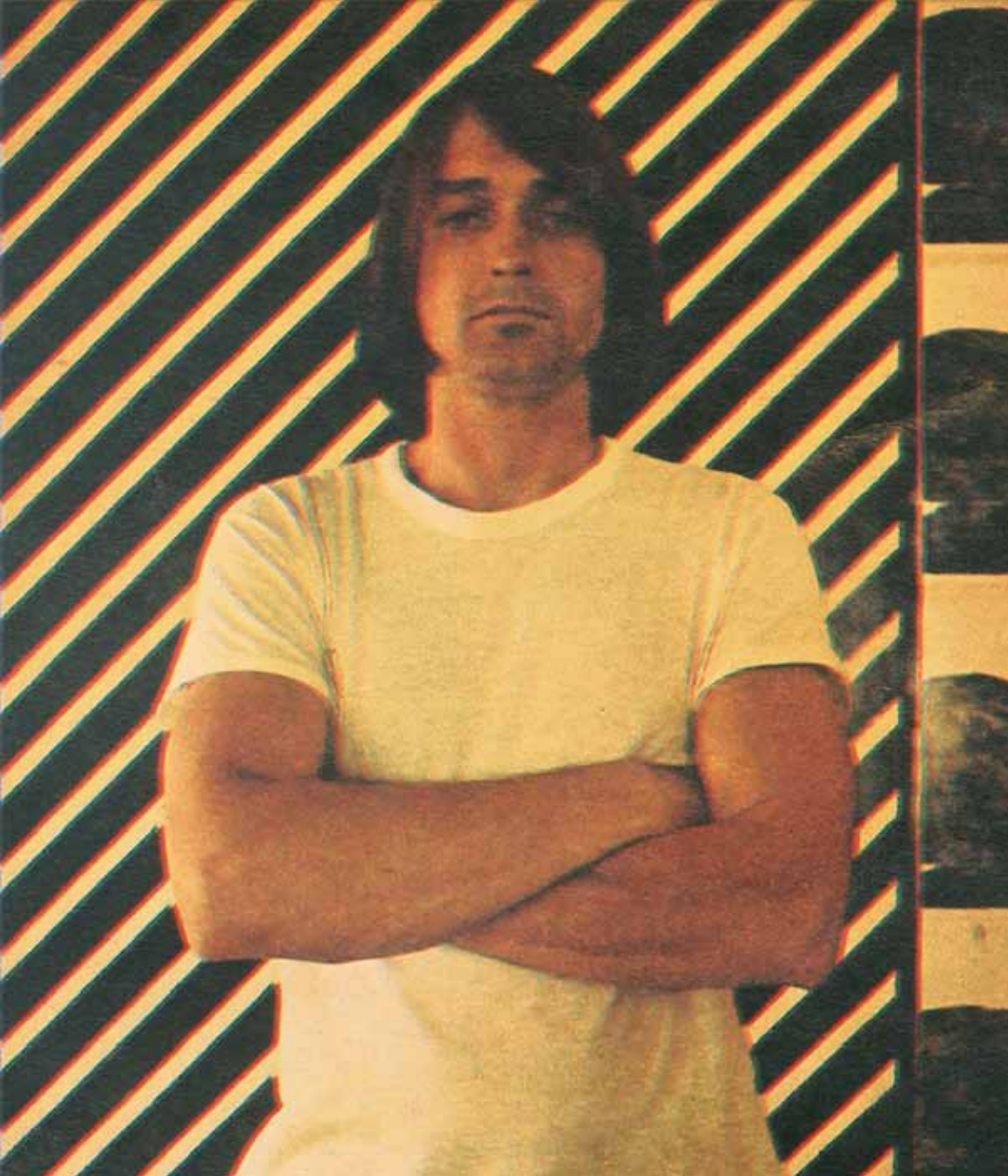
There is a feeling that Lynn Foulkes may have sacrificed himself for his fellow-man, that he has chosen to live within the hellish fears he has for man in order to try to help save him. There are certainly always the glimmers of his tender sympathy which stand fearless beside the demon-like feelings which exist among these works as though all the forces of evil that are in man have chosen a battle ground. The viewer must summon the powers of good that are within him in order to suffocate the bestial elements without.



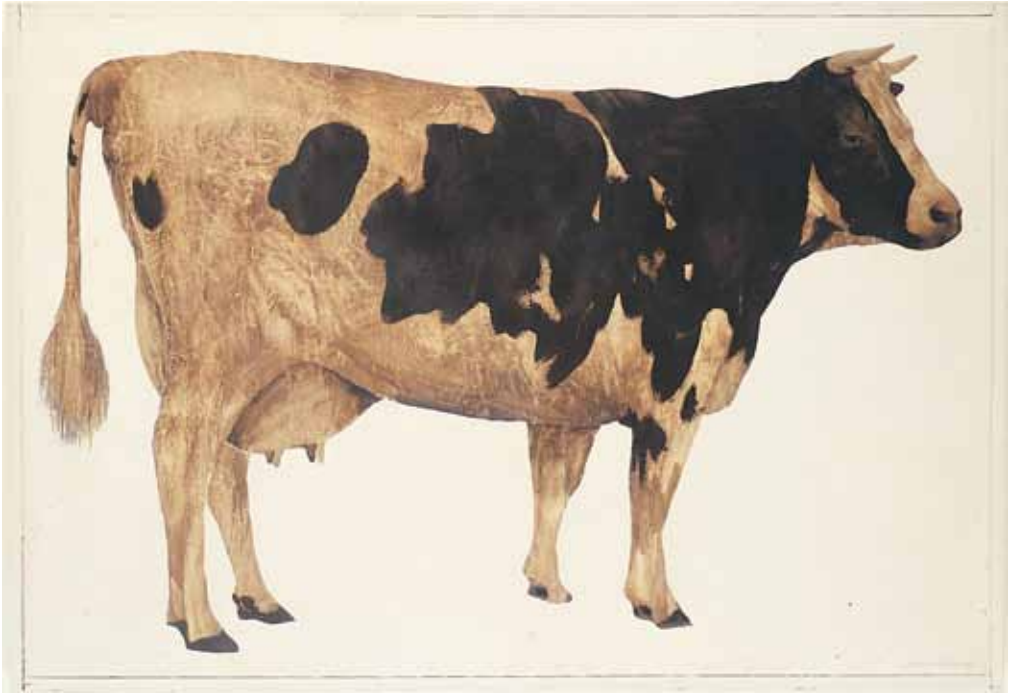
professiona



white elk with cushion crepe sole . . . 9.9







right

Llyn Foulkes, *Cow*, 1963 43 x 62 in.
Rolf Nelson Gallery, N. La Cienega Blvd., LA

left

Andy Warhol, *Cow Wallpaper*, 1966
Ferus Gallery, 723 N. La Cienega Blvd., LA

Five Younger Los Angeles Artists

Llyn Foulkes

Timy Berlan	Contemporary Art Council	Los Angeles County
Malvin Edwards	New Talent	Museum of Art,
Llyn Foulkes	Purchase Award	Lytton Gallery,
Lloyd Hammit	Recipient	November 26,
Philip Rich	1968-1969	December 26, 1969



1. *Untitled*, 1963. Lacquer on masonite. 96 x 108".
Lent by Miss Natalie Sholes, San Francisco.
2. *Kodak*, 1963. Oil on canvas. 96 x 87".
Lent by the artist, courtesy Rolf Nelson Gallery.
3. *The Canyon*, 1964. Oil on canvas. 65 x 108".
Lent by Miss Pat Gregson, Los Angeles.
4. *Rose Hill*, 1964. Oil on canvas. 65 x 108".
Lent by the artist, courtesy Rolf Nelson Gallery.

Llyn Foulkes, b. 1934, Yakima, Washington.

MT You were a musician once, is that right?

LF Yes, I played drums, but I always painted. I studied at the University of Washington and then for two and half years at Chouinard. Richards Ruben was a very fine teacher there. He turned me on to things I had never seen before. I started out as a sort of Abstract Expressionist but I still had something else. Between 1960 and now, my whole concept of what a painting is has changed. But the imagery has stayed the same. There was a period in 1960-61 when I went into constructions, some with multiple images, others with blackboards and chairs. But there too it was the same sort of image. Other people say I have a tendency to define the grotesque with everything, no matter what it is. I'm not satisfied making something just one thing and nothing else.

MT That's why in your work a calf looks like a mountain or vice versa. What about your use of multiple imagery?

LF Often when you take one thing, it doesn't seem to hold up by itself. It needs another one by it. But this has to do with the overall structure. In a painting of mine with a double image, the center — or what happens between the two images in the center — would probably be the most important part of the picture.

MT What about your fascination with the qualities of photographs?

LF A lot of it is created by the texture of the rag. You have to work on it. When I did one side of the picture, I have had to do the other one exactly the same. Nevertheless, the technique looks spontaneous. But, I could never really get it the way I wanted to. I was always happiest with the one that came out looking most like a photograph. So now I'm silk screening photographs that I took.

MT What painters have affected you most?

LF Ryder, Matisse — the cut-outs — and DeKooning. Those three are the ones who really excite me. They all do things that hit you right away, yet there is much more depth. The last person I really liked a body of work from was DeKooning: his work of the late 1950s — the large, direct paintings where you see it right away. There's so much more happening, yet everything holds on the surface.

←
POST CARD



The painting is dedicated
to the artist
of the
LA

LA

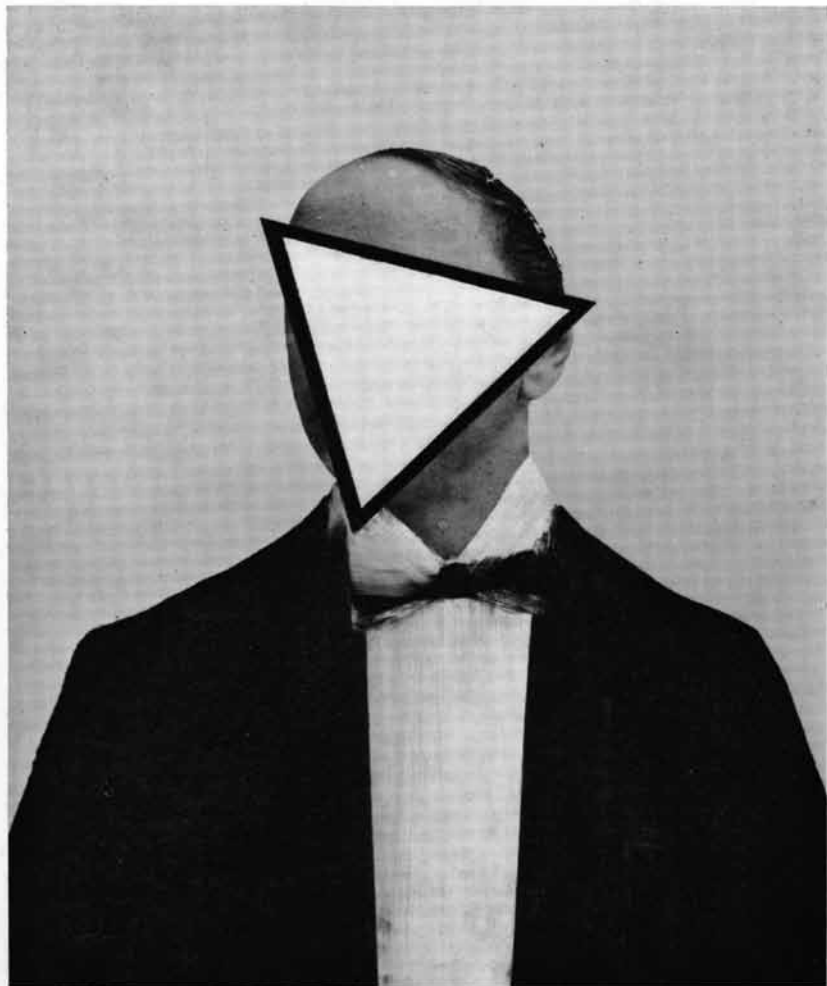




Blayton Moore
The Lone Ranger



Llyn Foulkes



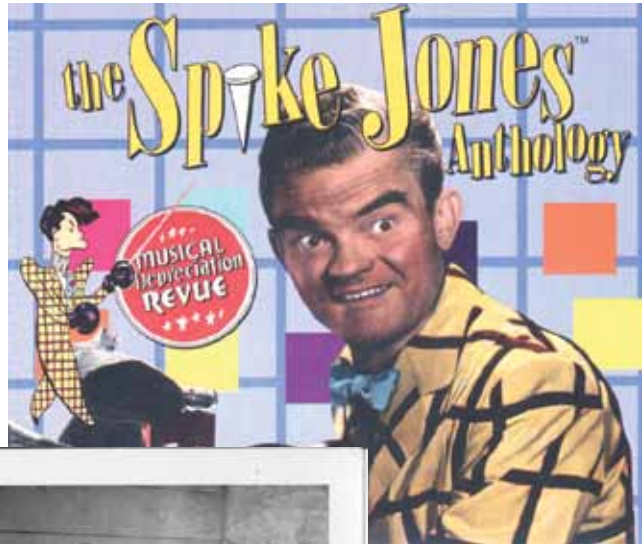
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Tél. 033-78-41

vernissage
le mardi 6 mai
de 18 à 21 h

6.5. - 6.6.1975









LLYN FOULKES



SANTA BARBARA CONTEMPORARY ARTS FORUM

305

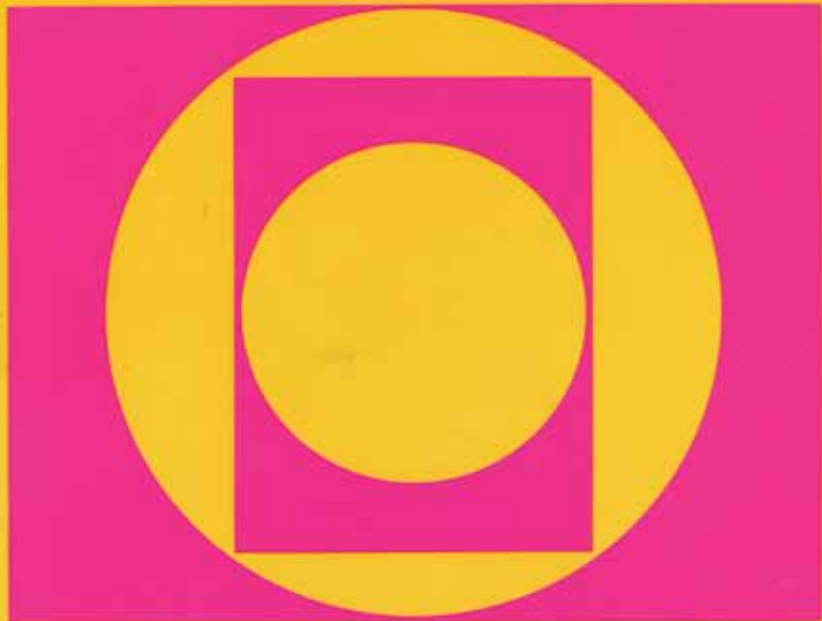
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Made in Hollywood, 1983 53 1/2 x 59 x 7 in.
Collection of the Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego

LA

HOT



AND

COOL

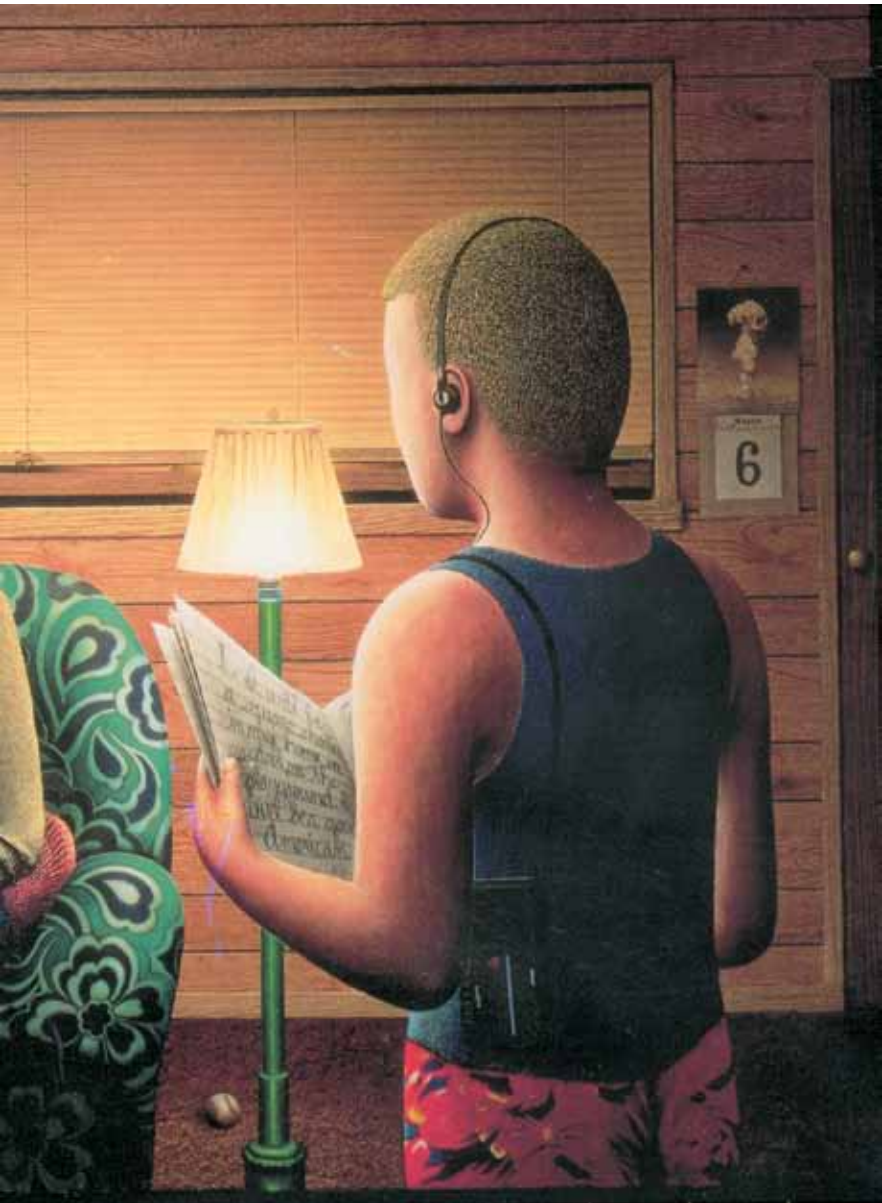


O Pablo, 1983 82 x 99 x 9 in.
Collection of Laurence Benenson, Greenwich, CT



The Last Outpost, 1983 81 x 108 x 5 in.
Collection of the Palm Springs Desert Museum





Pop, 1990 84 x 123 x 3 in. Collection of the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles



Elyn Foulkes, *Pop*, 1985-90, mixed media with soundtrack, 84 x 123 in.

Soul Searching

Rosetta Brooks

There's an old tribal belief that you can lose your soul. Unable to connect with either the outside world or the inner, you're out of yourself. Your links to family, nature, and religion are gone. Nothing means anything anymore. There seems little sense in thinking, feeling, or even praying. Loss of soul is akin to loss of self, and without self you are no longer human. You are simply not there. Because you have no will, you don't even have the desire to die — though I believe you can die from the utter abjection of being no longer part of the same equation with life.

Llyn Foulkes' *Pop*, 1985-90, is an extraordinary icon of dispossession. Part painting, part construction, part collage, it is made up of fragments of real clothing, real upholstery, and real imitation wood, all coalescing seamlessly with the painted surfaces of representation. The shallow, tableaulike picture space is strange and ambiguous, a kind of seizure in 3-D. Its mingling of real and illusory elements makes the image appear shockingly proximate, almost too close for comfort — in a constrained, claustrophobic kind of way, it reaches out to you from the wall. Yet paradoxically the real materials also make the picture seem startlingly remote, a dreadful fusion of illusion and solid but artificial, alien surfaces.

Into this peculiar space is inscribed — the family home. But the benevolent, reassuring space of domestic life has been transformed into a precarious balance of malevolent forces held in a seismic web of unsettling details. At its center is the figure of

Pop: literally protruding eyeballs staring into televisual space; an eerie juxtaposition of clothing—Superman T, worn lumberjack shirt, and threadbare sweater; a real gun hugged close to the body; a paper cup of Diet Coke held over an album of landscape photos that lies forgotten on his lap. Pop creates a sense of metaphysical unease, even horror. His two children gather around him, smothering him in the comfortable surfaces of familial intimacy, and every other element of the picture space also converges on this impulsive center. It, or rather he, is like a fissure in the calm, cosy world of domesticity. The familiar textures of suburban space are transformed into the space of nightmare; into F. Scott Fitzgerald's "dark night of the soul."

It's difficult to describe the space of the picture exactly. Foulkes has talked to me about his attempt to produce a "space created by material difference," and this is an accurate description of the formal push and pull, the sense of both depth and shallowness, created by the combination of flat and three-dimensional elements in the image. But it does not convey the gravitational attraction that draws the viewer into the psychological orbit of the picture and the correspondingly physical repulsion out of that orbit. The psychoanalytic theoretician R. D. Laing, in his *Voice of Experience*, 1982, describes a woman's fear about boarding a plane:

She is in São Paulo Airport. Her plane is hours late. She has drunk a fair amount.

Time slows down. And stops. Everything, everyone stops. It is timeless and motionless study. It is all a shell. She is in a shell. She has been in her shell all her life. She has never come out of her shell. The shell cracks. The walls start to crumble. The whole world falls apart. She is out of her shell. She was now a ball of fire in an airport lounge. However, no one noticed.

Laing reveals two sensations of horror: being lost in, smothered by, the frozen appearances of the everyday world, and being dispossessed from that world, invisible in it no matter what you do. Pop's picturespace oscillates in the same double bind. A "ball of fire," he has broken into the fragile eggshell of the home, and seems to be both exploding and imploding simultaneously.

Metaphors of implosion and explosion extend like a diagonal bridge across the picture. To the right at the back is an atom-bomb calendar, at front left is a television (we cannot see the screen); between them is Pop, trapped, a lightning-rod-like receiver of past images (the Hiroshima cloud) and ongoing ones extending into the future (the TV broadcast). There is no sense of time here, except maybe the temporal dimension of a disaster in which the transient surfaces of everyday life are petrified in a moment of terror. Like every other element here, the work's suspended moment is fraught with ambivalence. Does the piece enact a coalescence between different kinds of representation or is everything about to fall apart? Is this a moment of desperate trauma or of black comedy, of deliberate exaggeration and distortion? Or is the condition described not a passing moment but a fearful yet ludicrous continuum? Pop seems caught in a stasis between breaking out and breaking down, with no guarantee that he will ever achieve either action. In fact, since this is an unmoving work of art (despite its several internal sources of light), we are assured of the opposite: the scene is permanent.

The diagonal force field between the television and the atom-bomb photograph makes a cross or *X* with another powerful diagonal, the current between son and daughter. Pop sits at the *X*'s center. In neat haircut, trendy, lurid-colored shorts, and the obligatory Walkman, the son, at front right, is the embodiment of contemporaneity. Simultaneously reading from the Creed of the Mickey Mouse Club ("I will be a square shooter in my home, in school, on the playground. I will be a good American") and listening to his tape, the boy is separate and self-contained. Enclosed by his own inputs of sound and sight, he is desensitized to any human presence. (Actually, though his face is turned away from us, we can see his cheek and temple, and he seems to be eyeless.) He vividly symbolizes the role culture has imposed on men: getting the

job done while remaining at an emotional distance from others. The daughter, on the other hand, with her gesture of reassurance and concerned look toward her father, is almost a sinister caricature of the archetypal mother figure. Standing at back left in an old-fashioned black granny-dress, her head outlined against a dark picture—the HOLLYWOOD sign—on the wall, she seems to belong to the dark, nocturnal world outside, which we glimpse only as a slit of deep blackness in the nearly closed window. Pop shares with her the cross-cut shadows of the area between two light sources—the TV and the lamp.

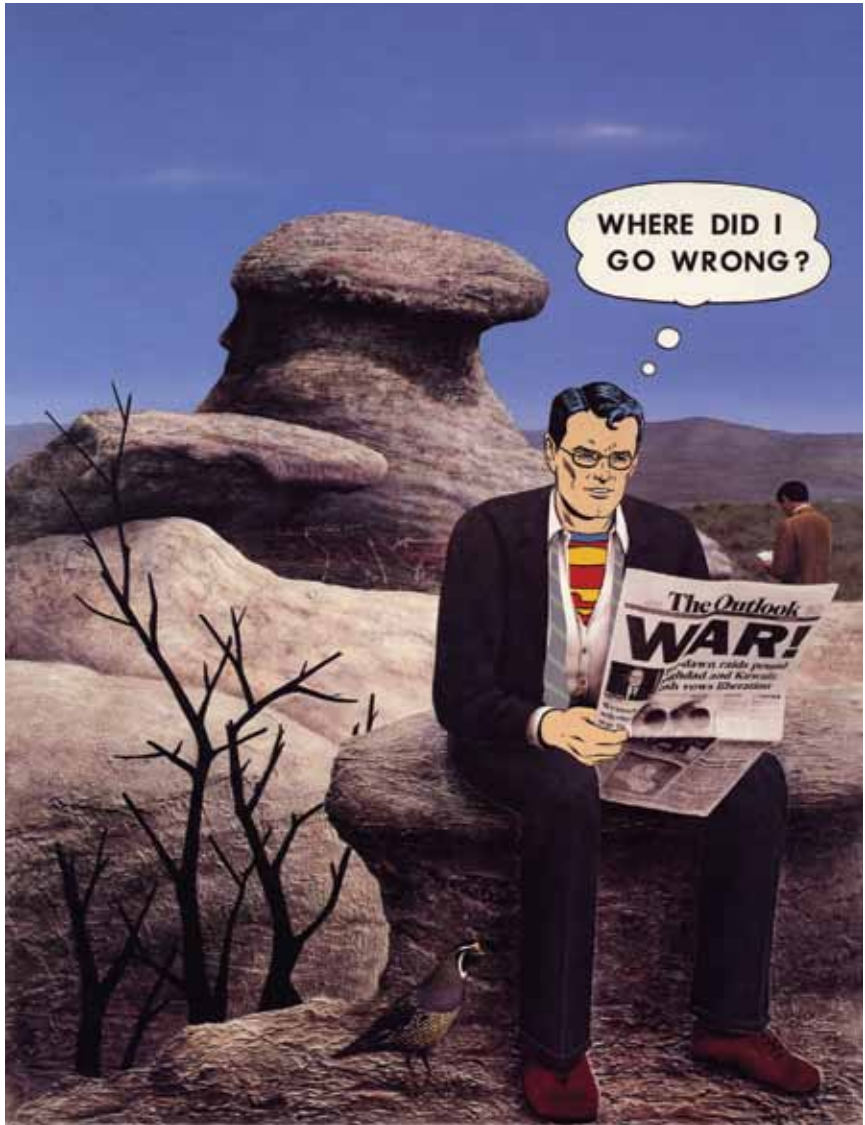
Foulkes has a remarkable ability to create a physically ambivalent space, and to "wrong-foot" the viewer by closing down the difference between fantasy and nightmare. These qualities are mirrored by the music that he uses as the soundtrack for a viewing of the work. Two songs, "America the Beautiful" and "Mickey Rat," play on a continuous tape loop. Each is accompanied by Foulkes playing his "machine," a homemade instrument consisting of drum set, string bass, numerous rubber car horns of differing sizes and timbres, and an array of wind instruments hung strategically for easy access. The machine creates its own unique one-man-band sound. "Mickey Rat," written by Foulkes and sung by him and his two children (daughter and son), is a Disney dream turned bad:

Once upon a time there was a mouse
He lived in every house
People did not set traps for him
Because it was a sin.
His job was to keep everyone clean
To run people through his washing machine
He had a white face he kept the right pace
With his patriotic jive
Helter skelter run for shelter
That's the way the cradle falls
Skinny Minnie with Albert Finney
Why he's my favorite star.
Some people think he's just a cartoon
The one they should have sent to the moon
But he's a real mouse, not even a real mouse
His name is Mickey Rat.

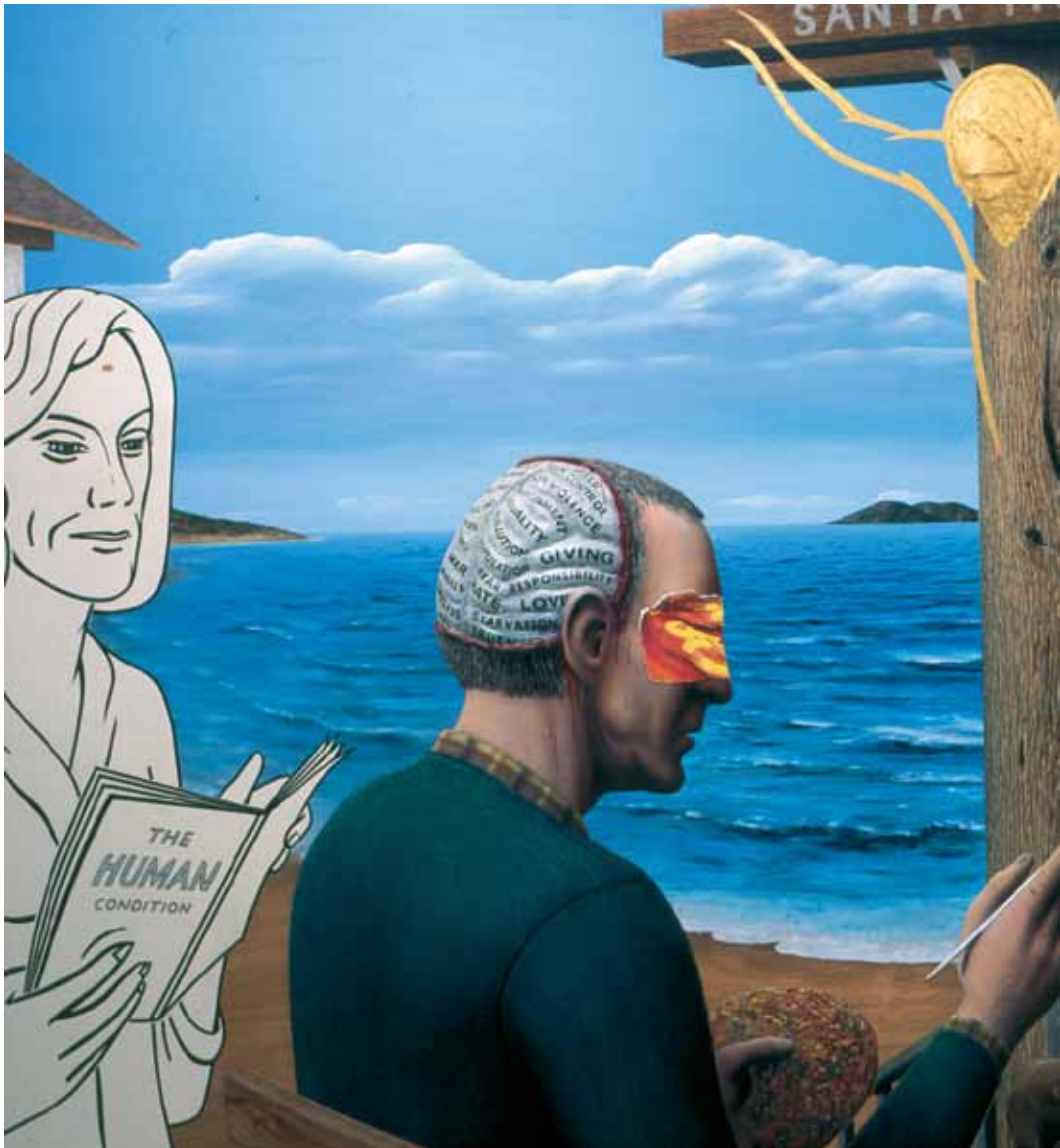
You may fail to recognize the sting in the tail of this merry song unless you listen to the words long enough to let them penetrate, but "America the Beautiful" is more aggressively soured in confrontation with Foulkes' icon of Pop. Between the riffs of mythic America's lost ancestral landscape and the landscape of contemporary reality, with its schizophrenic misery and dubious joys, there is a dimensional shift. In these coordinates of space and time, Pop can find no home.

Many languages make a connection between "home" and "soul," seeming to reflect a profound exchange between the psychic and the external centers of our lives. Just as homelessness can symbolize a loss of the soul, so losing the soul can signify homelessness, even as you sit in your chair surrounded by family and TV. Severance from one can mean severance from the other. This is the terror of *Pop*. And though Foulkes' icon of dispossession is disturbing, even intimidating, it is so for all the right reasons. The world we inhabit is in distress. The writer James Hillman might call it a world that abuses the soul. Foulkes' Pop figure comes as close to a picturing of this abuse as anything I've seen. In these terms, *Pop* is also an icon of hope: as Hillman writes in his essay collection *A Blue Fire*, "Through depression we enter depths and in depths find soul." And "the call of soul convinces; it is a seduction into psychological faith, a faith in images and the thought of the heart, into an animation of the world." □

**H E L T E R T
S K E L T
L.A. ART IN THE 1990s
E R**



Where Did I Go Wrong, 1991 71 x 54 in.





The New Renaissance, 1991 | 87 x 156 in. | Collection of the San Jose Museum of Art

LYN FOULKES



OPENING TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 4, 8-10 P.M.
CONTINUING THROUGH THE MONTH, 1969

DAVID STUART GALLERIES

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Route 77, 2003 56 x 44 in.



I Got a Job To Do, 2003 44 x 56 1/2 in.
Collection of the Regis Corporation, Minneapolis



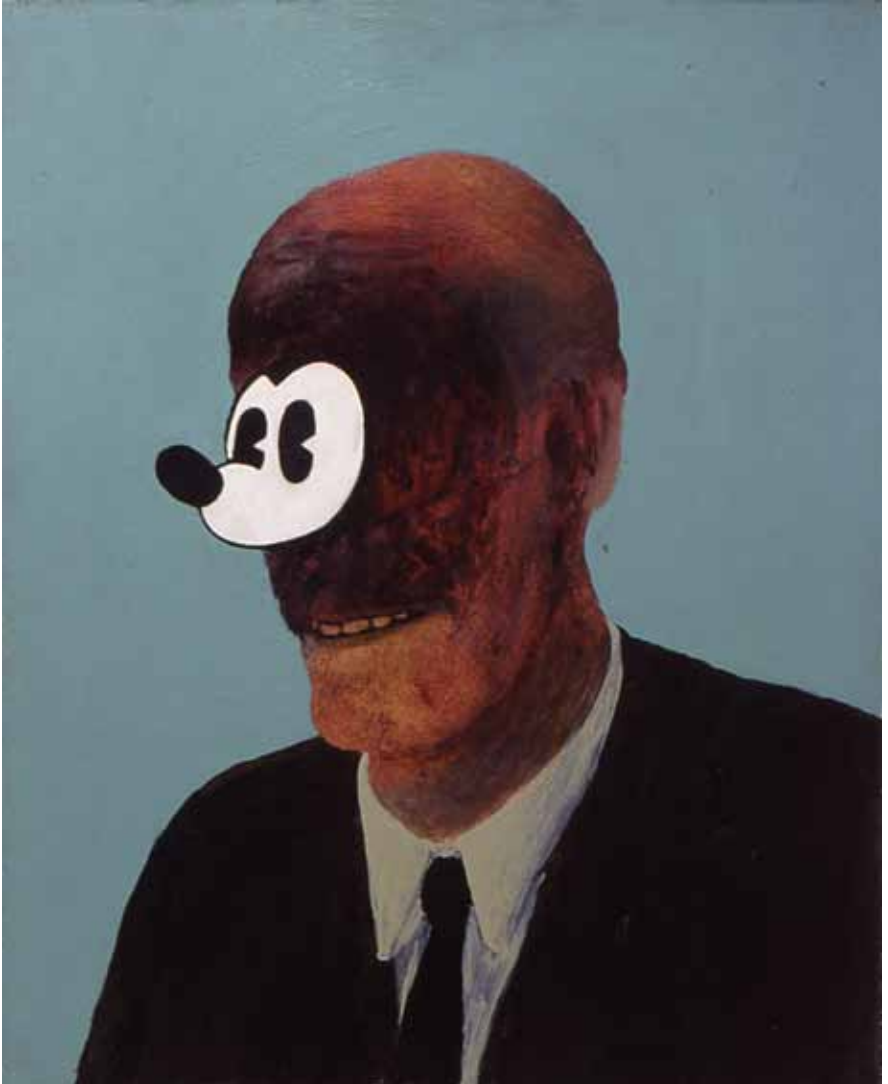
FALLING
ROCK

MARK CHILDREN OF THE WOOD
OF DEATH BY ELECTRIC SHOCK

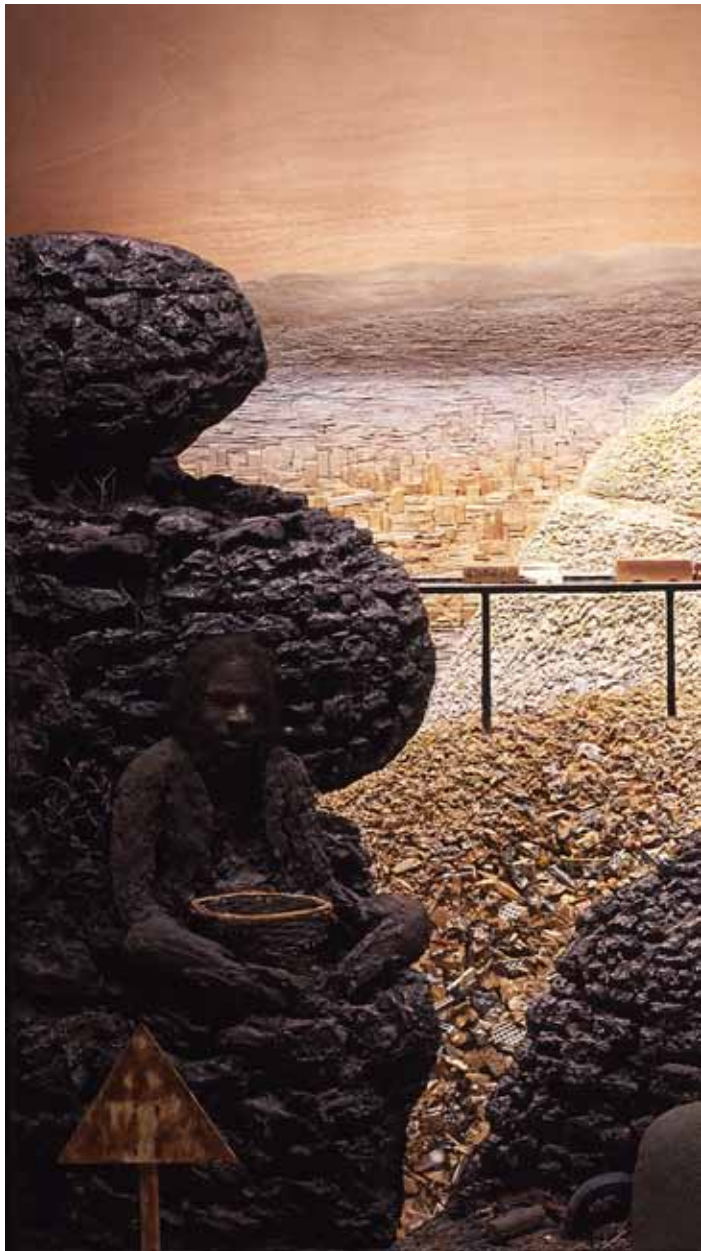


Home, 2003-2004 43 x 38 in.





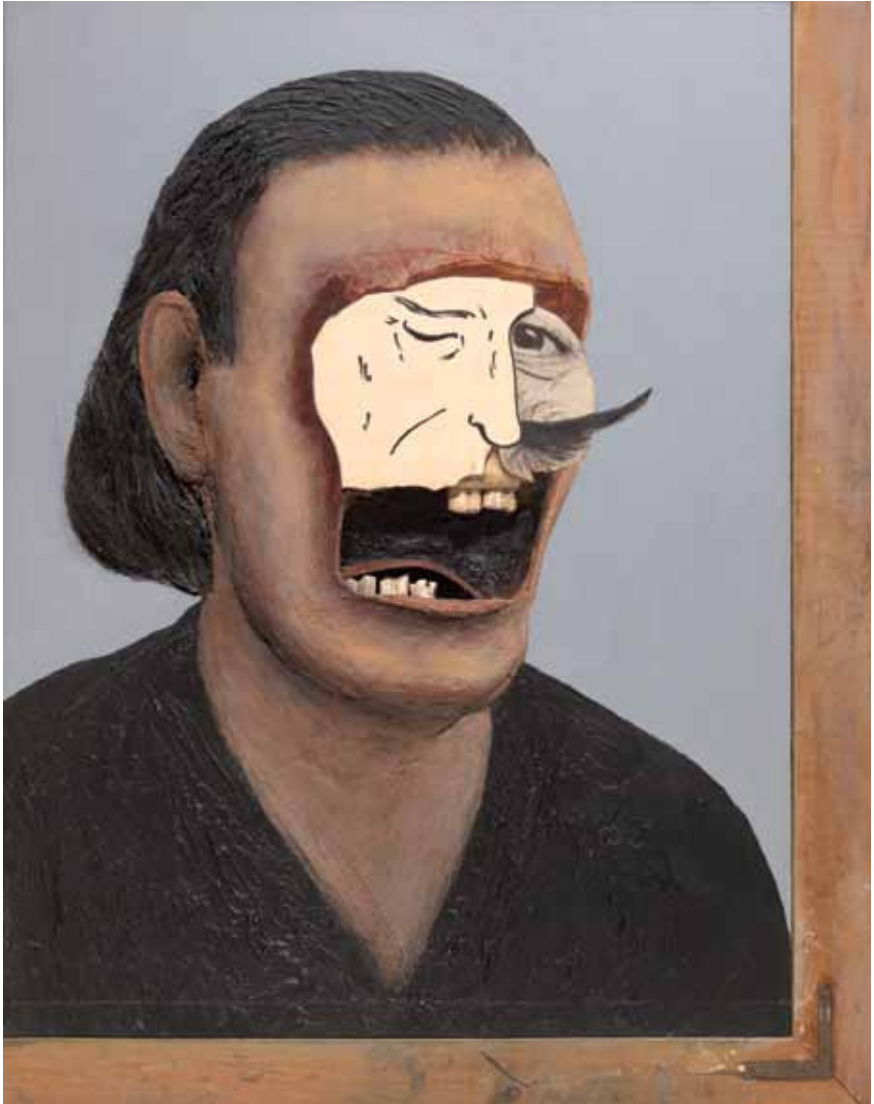
Portrait of Walt Disney, 2004-2005 16 x 20 in.





The Lost Frontier, 1995-2005 87 x 96 x 8 in.





Dali and Me, 2006 33 x 26 in.
Collection of Hammer Museum, Los Angeles

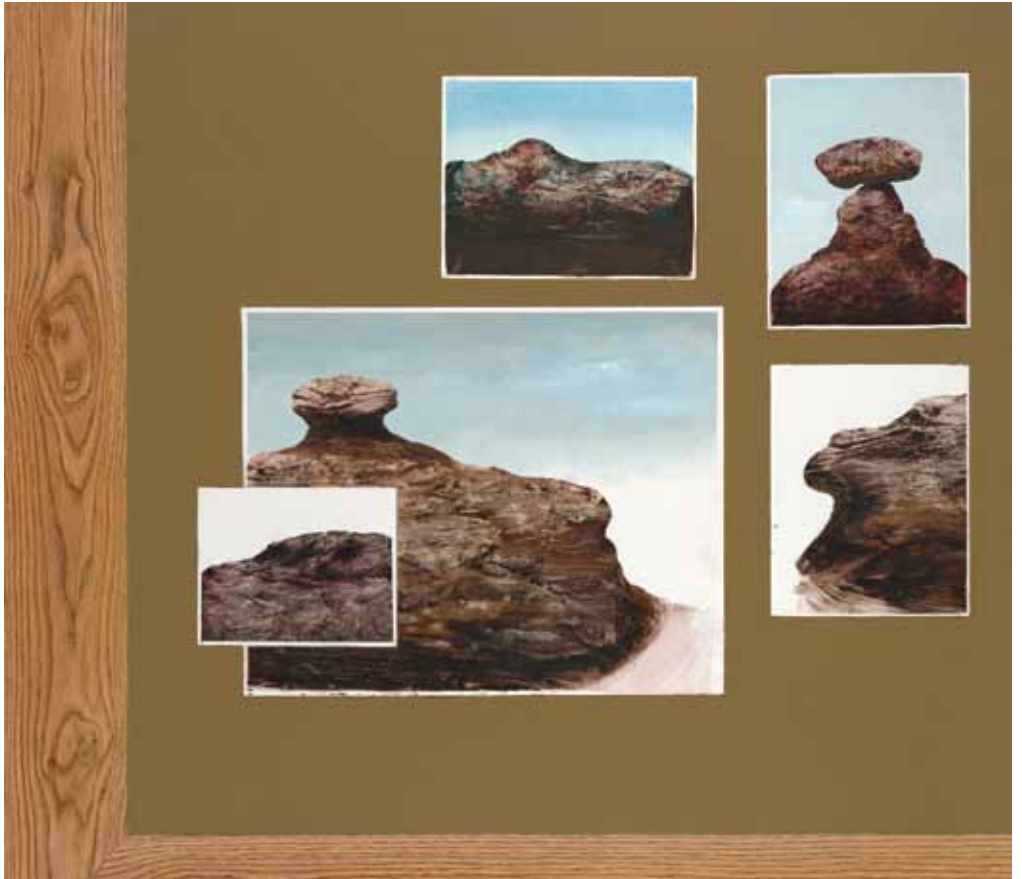


The Weight, 2006 20 x 9 in.

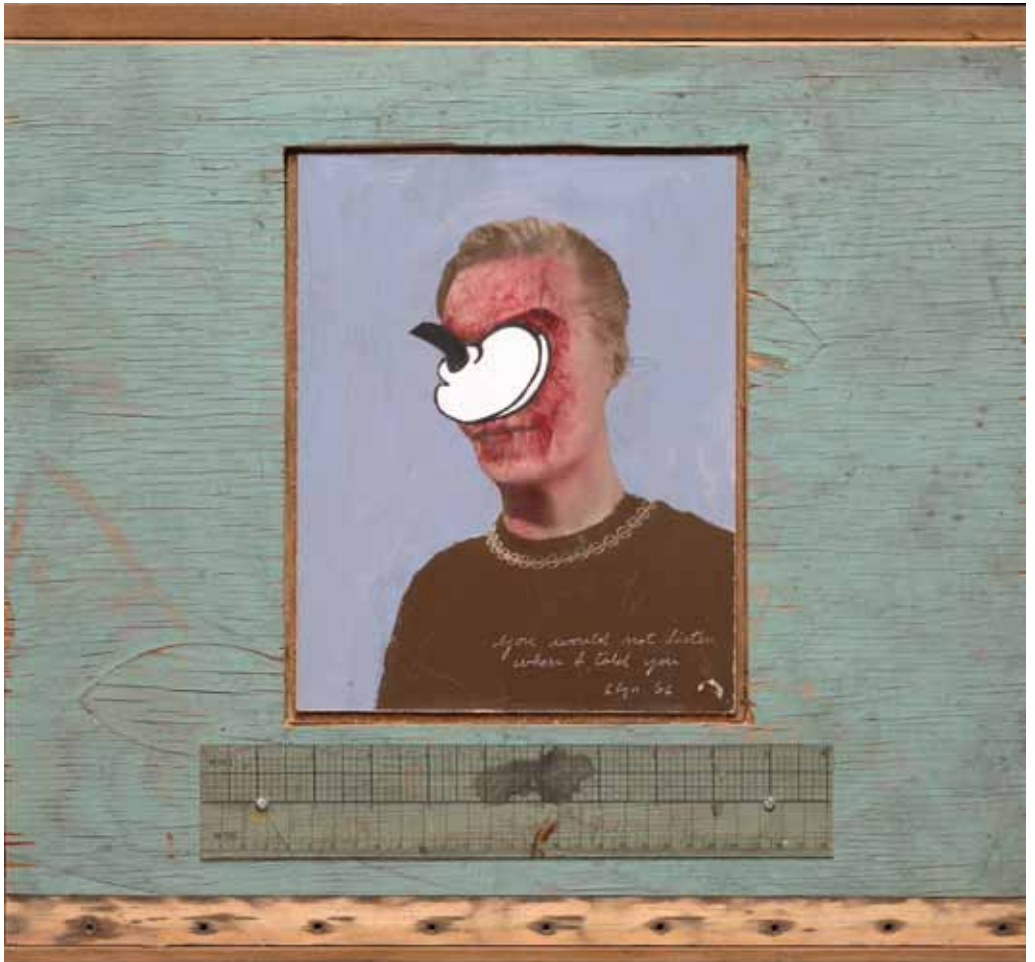


Shake yer Dogs, 2006 10 x 8 in.





Five Postcards, 2006 35 x 40 in.
Collection of American Academy of Arts and Letters, New York



You Would Not Listen When I Told You, 2006 17 x 18 in.



Washingtonland, 2006 40 x 40 in.

THE MICKEY MOUSE CLUB

An organization for boys and girls, suggested by the Mickey Mouse cartoons in sound and sponsored by the Theatre showing same.

The primary purpose of the Club is two-fold:

- (a) It provides an easily arranged and inexpensive method of getting and holding the patronage of youngsters.
- (b) Through inspirational, patriotic and character-building phases, it aids children in learning good citizenship, which, in turn, fosters good-will among parents.

Everyone knows how strong the "gang" instinct is in children. The Mickey Mouse Club is unique in that it furnishes entertainment of the most popular nature (stage and screen) and at the same time, implants beneficial principles, the latter so completely shrouded by any suggestions of "lessons" of lecturing, that children absorb them almost unconsciously.

What follows in these pages sets forth in detail:

- (1) What a Mickey Mouse Club is; (2) What it accomplishes for the Theatre sponsoring it; (3) What it means for and to youngsters belonging to it; and (4) How a Mickey Mouse Club can be organized and operated.



The suggestions herein are not theory but a summary of the actual experience of the originator, Harry Woodin, at the Fox Dome Theatre (Ocean Park, Calif.) under the sponsorship of whom the first (the original) Mickey Mouse Club functioned and grew. There are now more than four hundred clubs in principal theatres in the United States.

CREED OF THE MICKEY MOUSE CLUB

I will be a square shooter in my home, in school, on the playground, wherever I may be. I will be truthful and honorable and strive always to make myself a better and more useful little citizen. I will respect my elders and help the aged, the helpless and children smaller than myself. In short, I will be a good American.







Deliverance, 2004 - 2007 72 x 84



Dennis ADAMS

John BRILL

Mike COCKRILL

Heide FASNACHT

Lyn FOULKES

Charles GAINES

Paul LAFFOLEY

Antoni MUNTADAS

Irving PETLIN

Emily PRINCE

Dorothea TANNING

Kumi YAMASHITA

K E N T

